An Affair of Honor
by
Debbi-chan

Jacqueline arranged her dress, smoothed her stockings, and waited with almost unbearable tension as the horse-drawn carriage clattered its way down the streets of Paris. Snow fell in large, drifty flakes from the night sky, dusting the streets with white powder. The gas-lamps of the city cast a warm, flickering glow across her creamy white skin, highlighting her high cheeks and illuminating her dark eyes with tiny pin-points of bright flame. With one hand she brushed aside her long, ebony curled bangs from the side of her delicate face as she leaned out to call to the driver.

"How much longer to Lady Colette's?" she asked.

The driver was silent for a moment before answering her. "We have almost arrived, Lady Jacqueline, but I do not think you should do this."

"I have wanted to do this ever since I met that blonde whore. She has disparaged my honor, and I must not let that go unchallenged. I will not let that tramp call me loose and wanton behind my back!" huffed Jacqueline.

"As you say, Madame." The driver said as he hid his smile from his mistress. Everybody knew that Jacqueline actually was the town trollop, but finally someone had called her out, embarrassing her in the high social circles of Paris. "We are here," he said.

Inside the mansion that was Lady Colette's winter home in Paris, Isabella helped to prepare her mistress for Jacqueline's arrival. She was dressed as a proper French maid, with a black, ruffled dress cut with a low bust line and a high ruffled skirt.

As Colette powdered her face and applied her rouge, Isabella took her hair up and teased it into place. "It's better to wear it high, Madame, so as to put it out of reach of your enemy."

Colette turned and smiled. Her youthful face beamed with joy for Isabella. She reached out with her gloved hand and bent Isabella to her lips before kissing her tenderly. "Thank you, my dear. You are always looking out for me."

Isabella returned her mistress' kiss with passion, and for a moment the two were silent as they hungrily kissed each other's lips. Isabella softly caressed Colette's naked breasts. "You must be careful of these. She will try to hurt you here," she said as she lightly traced Colette's nipple with her nails.

Breaking the kiss, Colette rose naked from her dressing table and turned to the full-length mirror on the wall. Her sleek body was toned and lithe, with large high breasts and full hips that tapered into smooth, long legs. She turned, and rested her hands gently on Isabella's shoulders.

"I will be careful, Isabella. Thank you for your help and your advice. I have never fought a woman before, and I benefit from your wisdom in these street matters."

"We servants are always getting into fights, Madame. The thing to remember is that when girls fight, there are no rules. Men will talk of tradition and rules when dueling, but there is no such thing when a woman's honor is at stake." Isabella's eyes fell to the floor.

"Don't worry for me, Isabella," Colette smiled again. "My hatred for Jacqueline will sustain me. Now, help me into my garments."

Isabella went to the wardrobe and laid out her mistress' corset, stockings, and silk panties. The elaborate preparation was necessary, as each woman wanted to show that she was the most beautiful, the most radiant, and the most superior in every way.

After lightly powdering Colette's body, Isabella slipped on the tight hourglass shaped corset and drew the laces together. Colette let out a gasp as her maid pulled hard on the strings, cinching her waist and pushing up her already ample bosom until they bulged invitingly from the top of the corset.

"Where is your mistress?" demanded Jacqueline as she roughly tossed her hat and shawl to Isabella. They stood in the study, where a fire roared across the large room and the shades were drawn on the windows. The furniture had been pushed to the sides, and a large oriental rug was laid out in the center of the room to serve as an impromptu arena for their combat.

"She begs that you await her here while she completes her preparations, my lady."

"She will be begging for more than that once I had beaten her senseless," Jacqueline sneered.

"Yes, Madame," Isabella managed to say, although seething with anger at Jacqueline's insult.

Just then the doors to the study opened, and Colette entered, her beautiful yellow dress trailing behind her and rustling as she strode rapidly into the room.

The two studied each other for a moment. Both women were tall for their sex, and made taller so by the long heels they wore. They were statuesque and bore almost classical features in their young faces, their skin fair and smooth as alabaster. Colette had the more ample bosom, but Jacqueline's own breasts were proud and firm in their own right. Jacqueline had worn her hair down, its length spilling across her naked shoulders, while Colette had hers tied up, which was necessary since her golden locks usually reached to her buttocks if she let them down.

On some silent signal, they began to undress. They detached their skirts and threw them aside. As they removed their dresses, neither could keep their eyes from the other, as if daring the other to look away. They stripped with eager intent, casting aside their dresses until they were dressed only in their corsets, panties and stockings. They kept their heels, as each contemplated if the other would use them in combat. Thus revealed they regarded each other again. Colette was slender but not thin, and looked fast and sleek as a cat in her white corset and stocking. Jacqueline was also well figured, but had slightly fuller hips and round, powerful looking thighs with well defined calves. Her corset and stockings were as black as the deepest velvet.

"Leave us," Jacqueline hissed to Isabella.

"I am to stay to observe and bear witness to the victor," Isabella stated simply.

Jacqueline whirled on one heel and sharply cracked the back of her hand across Isabella's cheek, knocking her almost to the ground.

"I said to leave, you Italian slut!"

Isabella's eyes flashed and she rose as if to launch herself at the French hellcat when Colette intervened. "Leave us, Isabella. The victor will be clear enough. Lock the door on your way out, and do not interfere no matter what you hear, until one of us has left the room."

Isabella hesitated, and looked like she wanted to say something. But she bit her lip instead and withdrew from the study. With a click, the door was locked, leaving the two women alone.

"You should not have struck her, Jacqueline. I will repay you in kind tonight for the cruelty you have shown my maid."

"Colette, you simple bitch. It is I who will be leaving this study victorious tonight, and you will be left weeping for your Italian whore."

"Enough!" shouted Colette as she lunged towards Jacqueline. The two women tumbled to the floor as Colette dug her hands into her rival's hair, pulling and scratching as they rolled around on the ornate rug.

Their stocking legs weaved and slid against each other as they searched for the opportunity to kick vulnerable spots or squeeze soft waists and thighs. Jacqueline bared her bright red nails and brought them to Colette's angelic face, now twisted in fury, and sought to scratch and gouge her pretty green eyes. Colette barely managed to avoid this, grasping at her opponent's wrists in a frantic attempt to keep them at bay, even as they tumbled furiously, rolling here and there across the carpet. Their shrieks and screams filled the air as they fought with animalistic passion, each seeking to absolutely destroy the other.

Colette twisted herself free, and Jacqueline sprang to her knees beside the roaring fire. The red glow of the flames flickered hungrily across the combatants and set their heaving bodies aglow in angry red light. Jacqueline sprung forwards like a jaguar, snarling as she buried her hands in her rival's blonde tresses. Colette lashed out with her fist, and a dull crack resounded as her knuckles connected with Jacqueline's stomach. Colette gasped and drew her fist back in pain. In the heat of their struggle, she had forgotten the whalebone that lie inside all corsets to help keep their shape; it proved as hard as armor in a strip that ran down the front of their corsets.

Jacqueline smirked as she tore at Colette's hair, "You silly girl, now I'll show you where it's nice and soft!" she breathed in her ear. Freeing one hand from Colette's hair, she balled a fist with the other and sent it hurtling into the side of Colette's narrow waist. The blow sunk in just below her ribs, forcing a gasp from Colette's scarlet lips. Before she could recover her breath, Jacqueline sent another blow smashing into her kidney. Colette sagged limply against Jacqueline's chest, but was hauled up again by her hair only to suffer another terrible blow thudding into the back of her small waist. She bit her lip and fought to stay upright on her knees even as Jacqueline increased the pace of her blows, battering Colette's aching sides. Desperately she summoned her strength, and reaching around Jacqueline, began to pummel her own fists into Jacqueline's back. The two woman ignored the pain of the others blows, and were frantically punching and pounding at each other's kidney's and backs, each blow eliciting a gasp from the other, only to be returned in kind.

They staggered and swayed on their knees, holding each other up by the roots of their lustrous hair. Colette's braids became undone, and her hair trailed beautifully down the small of her back, stopping just above her heart shaped ass that shook with every blow. Their sultry eyes buried themselves like daggers in each other's stare, and Jacqueline howled and snarled with anger. Colette reached up with both hands and yanked Jacqueline's head down low, exposing her back as she struggled to say upright. Jumping up, Colette's drove her elbow deep into her rival's back, which landed with a sickening thud. Jacqueline coughed once, and Colette crashed her elbow again into her spine, knocking her down onto the rug.

Jacqueline groaned and lay sprawled out on the floor, her arms feebly trying to prop herself up. Colette move up and clamped her thighs around Jacqueline's head in a kneeling position. She drew her legs tightly together, trapping Jacqueline's head, and began to squeeze her smooth thighs together. Jacqueline groaned again, and her hands scrambled to try and pry Colette's thighs apart. The soft embrace became a tortuous vice that choked the air from Jacqueline's lungs and turned her face beet red.

Jacqueline dug her claws into the back Colette's thighs, scratching desperately at the insides of those creamy limbs to escape the hold even as she moaned. Colette shrieked but refused to relent, and clamped her thighs together even harder. Reaching down across her back, Colette grabbed Jacqueline's panties with vicious intent, yanking them hard into the crack of her rival's round ass. The fabric dug painfully into Jacqueline's pussy and ass, and Colette pulled harder until the bunched up fabric formed a silky rope that dug into and parted the soft lips of Jacqueline's womanhood and tore at her soft slit.

Jacqueline screamed as her head was crushed and the furious Colette savaged her pussy with her own panties. She sunk her nails into Colette's creamy ass cheeks and tore at the soft skin in frustration and pain. Desperately, she slid her hand beneath the soft fabric of Colette's panties her hand searching. Suddenly, Colette shrieked and let loose a keening wail! Jacqueline hand slipped her finger into the blonde bitches' anus and was pumping it in and out, her nail scratching at the delicate insides of Colette's private region.

Colette thrashed and pounded the mat with her feet as Jacqueline ravaged her anus. She tried to keep the pressure on Jacqueline's head, bearing down to make her stop, but Jacqueline's finger was like an unstoppable piston, scratching and sliding in and out of Colette. Finally, she could bear no more and rolled off of Jacqueline, the finger sliding out of its tortured hole. She cried a little as she clutched her hands between her legs, trying to sooth the pain. Jacqueline lay breathless on the mat, her chest heaving in huge gasps as she sprawled motionless trying to regain her energy.

"You fucking bitch!" cried Colette, leaping to her feet. Jacqueline quickly stood up to meet Colette's charge, and the momentum threw both combatants into the large reading chair in the corner of the room. Jacqueline landed hard into the chair, sinking into the deep upholstery. Colette was screaming madly as she tore at Jacqueline's hair. Sliding her legs up on either side of the chair, an exhausted Jacqueline managed to slip her legs around the waist of her opponent and bring them together in a devastating waist scissors.

Colette stopped her hair pulling immediately as the pain shot through her spine. Her back arched painfully as Jacqueline, still seated in the chair, poured the pressure into her powerful thighs. Colette shouted and scrabbled at Jacqueline's stocking legs with her nails as the crushing scissors wrapped around her waist like a python. Jacqueline locked her shapely calves together behind Colette's back to add even more leverage to the deadly hold.

Colette moaned and struggled to separate Jacqueline's long legs. The tight corset that constricted her waist only aided her foe in crushing her waist and ribs. The tight lacing drew even tighter as Jacqueline squeezed and squeezed, racking Colette with intense pain and causing her to throw her head back and wail. Colette dug furiously into Jacqueline's legs with her emerald green nails, digging deep rips into the silk stocking. This only served to infuriate Jacqueline, who then reached up with both hand and gripped the top of Colette's tight corset, yanking it down.

Colette's large breasts spilled out from the top of the corset, exposing her large rosy nipples. The hard corset now dug in painfully beneath her breasts, pushing them up as if in ripe offering to her opponent. With a flash of recognition, fear spread into Colette's mind as she remembered Isabella's warning about her breasts being targets during the battle. She screamed even before Jacqueline thrust her red nails deep into Colette's mounds, gripping them with her claws and sinking her nails into the top of those luscious orbs.

Trapped in Jacqueline's shapely legs, her breasts on fire from the tremendous gripping pressure being applied by her rival's talons, Colette struggled like a trapped animal, her long silky hair whipping from side to side. She grabbed at Jacqueline's wrists, trying to pry away the iron hold that threatened to burst her tits. With no escape in sight, Colette had to retaliate. Reaching up, she tore at the low top of Jacqueline's corset until she had exposed the brunette's own smaller, but firm tits.

Latching on, Colette dug her fingers deep into the soft flesh of Jacqueline's mounds. Jacqueline gasped but continued to crush Colette's waist with her legs while stabbing her nails into her breasts, which now had little crimson welts where the nails had scraped the tender flesh. It was a contest to see who would surrender first to the tit mauling, but the scissors on Colette was giving Jacqueline a decided advantage. Colette could barely breath, and she needed to up the ante or be forced to submit. She released one of Jacqueline's breasts, which now bore stark white marks where Colette's fingers had been squeezing moments before. She then brought both hands to bear on Jacqueline's left tit, clasping her fingers together as they wrapped around that pleasure orb until it bulged from the pressure.

Jacqueline groaned from the double-fisted grip on her mammary. It was starting to turn red from the pressure and was becoming very sensitive. Colette could tell from the way that Jacqueline was starting to whimper that she was winning this breast war. She was surprised, however, to find that both their nipples had become hard and erect from the abuse they were enduring. Changing tactics, she released Jacqueline's throbbing tit and began pinching and pulling at her nipples. The soft flesh was yielding, and Jacqueline wailed as Colette stretched her engorged nipples almost to the breaking point. Colette released them and they slammed back painfully into shape, only to be yanked up again by a clawing Colette who by now was using her long nails to dig into the sensitive area around Jacqueline's areola.

Jacqueline fought back, cupping each of Colette's breasts in her hands and digging her nails into the soft flesh underneath those huge mounds of milky flesh. With a final cry, she released the scissor hold around Colette's aching waist and bunched her knees up underneath her, shoving her sharp heels into Colette's breasts and kicking her away from the chair.

Colette screamed as she fell, and quickly inspected her red and puffy breasts. The heels had left deep scratches across her nipples, tracing up along her breasts and chest, and her tits burned from the abuse they had suffered at Jacqueline's nails. Her ribs felt sore from the brutal scissors she had endured, and the corset now felt like it was a size tighter than before.

Jacqueline herself was moaning and holding her tits, still slumped in the chair. She rose up after a moment, still holding her left tit, and the women began to circle each other, looking for the next opening of attack.

It was Jacqueline that lunged first, barreling headlong into Colette and knocking the women to the floor. They struggled for position, twisting this way and that as their feminine bodies were forced into terrible contortions as they fought for advantage. They struggled side by side until Jacqueline managed to wrap her sexy but deadly thighs around Colette's head, trapping her in a headlock. But Colette was determined not to be put at a disadvantage, and wrapped her own soft thighs around Jacqueline's own head.

Side by side, the two women rolled on the carpet, locked in mutual head-scissors in a 69 position. They clawed at the vulnerable inner thighs of their adversary, and dug their nails into each other's sculpted ass cheeks in an effort to inflict enough pain to escape. They tore at each other's silk panties until only shreds remained, and then attacked each other where they instinctively knew the other was most vulnerable.

Almost simultaneously, Colette and Jacqueline jabbed their fingers into each other's pussy, spreading their lips and seeking an opening to the velvety insides of their vaginas. Both girls screamed in outrage as their probing fingers found each other's slit. Jacqueline tugged at Colette's labia, twisting it and digging in her nails in the soft love flesh, while Colette frantically searched for Jacqueline's clit, and stabbed at it with her long nails. Their legs fell to the side, the mutual head scissors forgotten, as both women found new prey for their feline fury.

The pain was excruciating, and both women were yelling at the top of their lungs as they dove into each other's mounds with rending and tearing claws. Colette was on top, and used her open hand to slap at Jacqueline's womanhood, each stinging blow bringing Jacqueline to the brink of tears, while Jacqueline forced one, and then two fingers into Colette's dry pussy.

Colette gasped with surprise and pain as Jacqueline's digits invaded her womanhood, and she took three of her own fingers and jabbed them viciously into Jacqueline's mound. She forced them deeper and deeper as Jacqueline did the same, both women raping each other with their fingers. Their dry pussies made the penetration extremely painful, and each used their nails to scrape at the insides of the other, tearing screams from Colette's lips and gasps and yells from Jacqueline.

Almost as if in natural defense, both their slits started to gleam with wetness, and soon Colette found her fingers were gliding easily inside Jacqueline. Taking advantage of her wetness, Colette shoved ever deeper and faster into Jacqueline's twat, while Jacqueline did the same to Colette. With every thrust they poured their venomous anger, and each made sure to dig their nails into the soft inner walls as they did so, and each was now crying from the terrible pain and the shame of the intense violation they visited upon each other.

Jacqueline, while reaming Colette, remembered how the other girl had hated her earlier invasion of her ass. Keeping her fingers buried inside Colette, she jammed her thumb into Colette anus and pinched her hand together, holding onto her pussy and anus like a bowling ball. Colette shrieked and thrashed while Jacqueline used her nails and vice-like grip to torture the blonde tramp.

Colette was sobbing openly now, her chest heaving and the tears streaking her make-up. "Stop! Please stop!" she shrieked as Jacqueline continued to tear at her anus and pussy. Colette released her hold on Jacqueline's twat and rolled on her back, but Jacqueline followed, refusing to release her own clawing grip on Colette's privates.

"You're killing me! Stop! Oh God!" Colette whimpered. But with a cruel smile, Jacqueline only thrust her fingers and thumb deeper into Colette.

"Don't be such a crybaby. This won't kill you, but it may make end your love life." Jacqueline popped her fingers out from Colette and shoved them at her face. "Smell yourself!" she spat. "Smell the scent of the whore that you are!"

"Please, no more. I beg you!"

Jacqueline was silent as she turned to sit on Colette chest, kneeling to pin her foe's arms with her legs. She inched up on the sobbing Colette until her dripping pussy was directly over Colette's tear-streaked face. Gingerly, she lowered herself onto Colette, smothering her cries and gasping with pleasure as her slit brushed across Colette's fine features.

Rocking back and forth, she began to pleasure herself as she sat on Colette's face, rubbing her engorged lips across Colette's nose and lips. "Lick it," she demanded, and an obedient and subdued Colette tentatively flicked her tongue out, probing Jacqueline's wet slit with her mouth.

Jacqueline moaned and sighed as she rubbed her pussy all over Colette's face, while Colette tongued her pussy and clit. Faster and faster she rocked against Colette until her moans grew and her body began to shudder in expectation of a tremendous orgasm. Jacqueline was so wrapped up in her own pleasure that she never heard the latch of the door open, and Isabella creep quietly in.

Isabella inched up slowly behind Jacqueline and her prone mistress. The fury and hatred in her eyes were mixed with tears she had shed when she had heard her mistress screaming capitulation through the study door. Jacqueline was arching her back and riding Colette's face, moaning with pleasure and oblivious to Isabella's vengeful intent.

With a scream, Isabella dove on top of a shocked Jacqueline, pulling her hair back and digging her nails into Jacqueline's already battered left tit. Both girls sat astride a stunned Colette, fighting and clawing. Jacqueline reached behind to grab at Isabella hair, but the more experience Isabella ducked her head out of the way while yanking back hard on Jacqueline's raven tresses. With her other hand, Isabella attacked Jacqueline's breast ruthlessly, digging her nails in and drawing bright beads of blood.

Letting go of Jacqueline's hair, she kept on hand on her breast to control her while she thrust the other down into Jacqueline's dripping wet pussy that was still hovering over Colette's face. "Take a good look, Madam. This is how you maul a pussy!" And with that she shoved her fingers into Jacqueline's slit and pumped her until Jacqueline shuddered and moaned in intense orgasm.

"It's always more sensitive once you make them cum." Isabella explained. Jacqueline tensed in horror, knowing what was coming, as Isabella used her forefinger and thumb to roughly grab the brunette's enlarged clit. The cry that wrenched from Jacqueline's lips was so loud that it echoed throughout the study as Isabella pinched her clit with her nails while simultaneously raking her claws against Jacqueline's black and blue breasts.

Standing up, Isabella looked down on a sobbing Jacqueline before she raised her heel and kicked her to the ground. "I will teach you to remember never to cross my mistress again," she spat as Jacqueline sprawled to the ground. "Help me, Madam. Hold her leg."

Each girl took hold of one of Jacqueline's legs, wrapping her stocking ankles under their arms and grabbing them with both hands to get a secure grip. "Now pull!" Colette and Isabella yanked hard on Jacqueline's long and curvy legs, splitting them apart at the crotch while Jacqueline lay on her back and gasped with pain. The cords of her muscles stood taut inside her soft, alabaster thighs, and her pussy lay dangerously exposed.

Standing on either side of her, the women started to rain kicks down between Jacqueline's legs. First Isabelle would demonstrate, lashing out and connecting with the tip of her toe against Jacqueline's still wet mound. Jacqueline screamed when the shoe connected and parted her love lips, burying itself in her pussy. "Aim for her clit." Isabelle said, and Colette would grin and send her shoe deep into the folds of her enemies' slit, sending Jacqueline screaming as her ass was lifted off the floor with the force of each blow.

"If you are wearing heels in a fight, you should use them." Isabelle instructed. Still holding Jacqueline's legs, she hiked up her skirt and placed the spiked heel of her shoe against Jacqueline's left tit, centering it on her nipple. Colette did the same with the right, and both girls began to apply slow pressure with their feet, sinking their spiked heels into Jacqueline's sensitive nipples until Jacqueline tits caved inwards around the points of the heels, her nipples pressed in painfully. The tortured girl moaned and cried out from the twin points of fire that raged in her chest.

"Now, finish her. Make her remember that she must never challenge you again."

Colette thought for a moment while Jacqueline whimpered on the ground. Grasping both her legs, Colette centered herself so that she had a clear view of Jacqueline's crotch, and jammed her spiked heel into Jacqueline's slit. Jacqueline's mound exploded in pain as the heel dug deep within her vagina, the sharp point digging into her soft flesh. Colette ignored the screams and began to kick Jacqueline in the pussy, her heel still imbedded in that wet slit, so that each thrust of Colette's shapely leg sent her shoe slamming against Jacqueline's pubic mound while her heel dug deeper into her pussy. Jacqueline was close to passing out, and could only groan with each penetrating shove. Colette would revive her by grinding her heel against Jacqueline's mound until she woke up screaming, only to pass out again. After about five minutes of this, Colette slipped her heel out of Jacqueline's pussy and let her legs drop limply to the floor.

"Thank you, Isabella, for being such a great teacher," she smiled as she kissed her maid.

"It is only my duty, Madam, " Isabella smiled as she led her still battered mistress out of the study and towards the bedroom. "What shall I do with this trash?"

"Send for her driver and tell him to pick her up. You needn't bother yourself with the mess. Besides, I have other duties for you to attend to," purred Colette as she steered Isabella towards the poster bed, and closed the bedroom door behind them.

- The End -

VISIT DEBBI-CHAN'S OWN